Struggle in Puerto Rico

By ANTULIO PARRILLA-BONILLA, SJ

(Father Parrilla, Titular Bishop of Trujillo, has served as both bishop and rector in Puerto Rico. A strong voice of objection to U.S. war-making policies and advocate of nonresistance, he made a pilgrimage to the States last spring to visit political prisoners. This article was translated by Thomas Dorney, Ed. note.)

According to a report in the San Juan Star for September 1st, the Resident Commissioner from Puerto Rico in Washington, Mr. Jorge Luis Corado Díaz, accused us of being "anti-Puerto Rican elements and trying to turn the island over to international communism." In a radio interview aired over WEUC, the radio station of the Catholic University of Puerto Rico, Corado charged that if a crisis exists within the Catholic Church in Puerto Rico it is due to "the violent and anti-Puerto Rican elements that are trying to do away with everything ... and turn the island over to the Castroites and the Chinese communists." A group of priests, he added, has been preaching Communist teaching for some time. He singled us out as "an instrument" in this sense.

The least one might expect is that such a person would be on guard against taking the slippery path that inevitably brings one who sees them . . . and tries to do away with everything . . . and turn the island over to the Castroites and the Chinese communists. We are truths that speak for themselves-with the voice of protest. They are truths, because of their very nature; and, because they are based on facts and on a scientific analysis of realities, they are irrefutable. They are truths that speak for themselves—with the voice of protest. In a real sense they are revolutionary truths, because of their very nature they lead to certain conclusions which inevitably bring one who sees them clearly to commit himself (or herself) to radical change.

Here is the real sore point not only for Corado Díaz but for everyone who belongs to the social class that wields political and economic power: people who are determined to preserve the present system, in which various privileged persons have all that they

(Clinched by page 8)

The Song of the Sun

By MARGE BARONI

Most loving and almighty Lord,
Yours is the power and blessing forever.

To You be honor in each of your creatures,

But first of all in radiant brother Sun. How quietly he tumbles shadows into dawn, and warmth into our blood.

Be praised, my Lord, in faithful sister moon. By her the tides and seasons run, with her the stars spill across your skies.

Be praised, my Lord, in the bellows of the winds. In their channels scarlet leaves and windmills twirl and dance.

And be praised, my Lord, by lovely sister water, pure wine of your creation. She babbles and banter in golden streams, making us young again in baptism and in rain.

Be honored, my Lord, by stately brother fire. He it is who purifies our souls, and brings us homeward in the dark. In his friendship men recline to cracking warmth and mellow wine.

Be praised, my Lord, in spinning earth, in storms and churning surf.

Be praised, my Lord, in green and red, in light and evening's end.

Tumble down, my Lord, in colored glass, in grass and chimes and horns.

Be praised, my Lord, in sunny voices, scents and sounding songs.

And, yes, my Lord, be praised in chaff, in aching lives, on bloody trees.

For it is You who make coins thick, and cast hope on unknown seas.

O praised and blessed be You, my Lord. Let us give You thanks and awake with the dead.

Francis of Assisi

(Clinched on page 8)
FALL APPEAL

St. Joseph's House
36 East First Street, N.Y. 10003
October 1971.

Dear fellow workers whom we love:

Last night three people came in a half-hour after dinner was over, and we were cleaned out. The cupboard was bare. We had meatloaf and spinach and by the time we were done, there was only a cup of spinach water remained. A most healthy meal. But there were apples from the farm. God be thanked. Which meant enough apple sauce for everyone that evening and for the soup "louk", as Margaret's children used to call our guests years ago, this morning. As for the late late guests, we had a sack of oatmeal, quick cooking, and with margarine and sugar and coffee and apple sauce, they too were served. Another old man came in later and just wanted two slices of bread. "I have an onion," he said. Even as I was writing this a student came in and asked if he could have breakfast and supper together.

I'm working part-time and trying to go to school; it would ease the strain if I didn't have to buy meals," he said.

Knowing the cost of one sandwich when I am traveling, I can see how much of our money goes for food for maybe only or seventy-three-meals a day in town, and the soup line which goes up to 200 according to the time of month. At the farm they grow a great amount of vegetables and there are fruit and grapes, so a hundred pound sack of brown rice or whole wheat flour makes everything go far. All this means that I am writing another appeal for help from you, our readers and coworkers. Have you ever read Knut Hamsun's Hunger? There is so much hunger in the world even in these times when we can grow so much food.

Hungry in America is bitterness and anger. We are living in a time of violence what with the war extended to Laos and Cambodia. There is also a reflected violence at home, which shows in our thoughts and words often. S.S. Augustine has some good advice about voluntary poverty which enables us all to do the works of mercy: "Find out how much God has given you, and from it take what you need; the remainder which you do not require is needed by others. The superfluities of the rich are the necessities of the poor. Those who retain what is superfluous possess the goods of others."

To serve others, to give what we have is not enough unless we always show the utmost respect for each other, even in these times when the least of these is what we meet. One of the most moving things in the Attica tragedy was the insinuate of the blacks that their religion be respected, the gur of the Moslem, the rejection of pork. When one thinks of the pious of the copies of the Catholic Worker each month. It is a community activity, a little "industry" in which all share in the profits, those profits mean a place to live, food, clothing, companionship, etc. Of course it is work which men need most. We are ever conscious of that. But we all have that, we are self employed, with no bosses! And no wages! "From each according to his ability and to each according to his need." Or, as S.T. Paul puts it, "take your abundance supply their wants." So God bless us all, and you too, who have helped us over the years, and will again, we know.

Love and gratitude,

DOROTHY DAY

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P.O. BOX 33, TIVOLI, N.Y. 12583
News from Delano
By PETE VELASCO

MUCH GRATITUDE FROM ALL OF US: The dedication of the RODRIGO
TERRONEZ MEMORIAL, CLINIC on
September 15th at 7:30 p.m. at the San Leandro Elks
Acres overwhelmed us with much joy, renewed faith and acceptance of the true
love of mankind. We have many friends and supporters of six difficult years
who came because their heart is with us. We remain grateful to our friends.
A HANDFUL: of Dolores Men­
dores types who did not at all re­
ceted the Clinic ceremonies. About 2,000
farmworkers who attended the cele­
bration gave highlight to the signifi­
cance of the occasion... STRIKE: The Basic Vegetable and San Ysidro strikes
are the only active strikes now being
pursued. Both are hampered by in­
junctions. Basic has moved to Salinas
Valley for the onions and garlic there
and finds that life in that corner of the
world, UPWOC territory, is hard.
...ROYCOTT: The chief target
is the SCAB GRAPE of Lodl and Fresno.
About $1.50 is a price spread for the
Union Label. Several growers (small)
have signed grape contracts in the
last few weeks.
NEW STAFF: Fred Ross, Jr., coordi­
nates the Northwest Area. New in the
N.W. is Robert Purcelli who will do re­
search. In California Molly Titebbe
will begin to develop and administer
some form of streamlined strike bene­
fit program. The National Farmworker
Ministry (Chris Hartmire, Director) has
a new associate Dave, David Hernandes.
Dave from Ohio, knows the Midwest.
He will spend several weeks with us organizing between our pro­
jects and the Midwest... OTHER ORGANIZING
DRIVES: Arwood growers are getting
attention in Southern California from
Margo Cowan; Andy Imlan began signing up nursery workers in Unincity
(City of Northern California); Ray Ortiz
and Pablo Esquedo are working among tomato and pepper workers in San
Francisco Hernandes administers new
Heublein contracts in Napa and Sono­
ma Counties; Arthur Ortiz and Val­
Jan Peterson and group have La Hu­
elga flags flying in almost every non­
contract firm.

LEGISLATION: CALIFORNIA farm
labor legislation now seems dead for
1971. Dolliver, Hertel and Farmworker
witnesses at testimony sessions clobby
Kielich's bill so bad he could

On Pilgrimage
By DOROTHY DAY
I use the term "pilgrimage" because the three
weeks tour which I enjoyed this summer together with fifty-four
others for "Perpetual Justice" was
announced as covering Eastern Europe.
That meant Warsaw, Lenin­
grad, Moscow; Sofia, Yaroslav, Varna,
Pyassatzi in Bulgaria, and Budapest in
Hungary. Thanks to the radical labor
movement, which the Nazis tried to
break for ten years in my late teens and
twenties, I was acquainted with people
from these countries and their literature
to some extent. So the trip was not just
novel and unfamiliar but was rich in associations for me.
I regret that I did not get to Arch­
angel (a famous monastery there) or
Murmansk, but we took the Arctic Circle
and familiar to me not only from
reading, but also from a seminar
we knew.
I would have loved to take the
Trans-Siberian Railway from Moscow
to Vladivostok, which Maurice Barin
wrote about in one of his novels (but
I made the trip as I read Chekhov's
letters, when he travelled by carriage
across Siberia to visit the prison island
of Sakhalin).

I could not visit Zagorsk, the large
monastery outside St. Petersburg, because
both Tolstoi and Dostoytsevsky visited.
Was Fr. Zosima from Zagorsk? Did
Stravrogin confess to the monk there?
Nor could I visit Tolstoi's home at
Tula, south of Moscow. There were
restrictions as to travel. There is a
saying in Moscow embassies that there
are two dictatorial presides and the second
is that of Inquisitor. But we were
blessed by the kind of guides we had,
so gifted in knowledge of history and
economics, as well as art, literature
and music.

Jim McGovern
I was not the first of the Catholic
Worker movement to visit Eastern
Europe. I suddenly remembered as I
wrote the Arctic Circle port was Dad,
one of our dear departed friends dur­
ing the first year of The Catholic
Worker. He had told me, the Civilian
Corps trained me, to go to
Zagorsk and found it. The CW on board ship
in the Gulf of Mexico, and from then on
he gave his salary to us to pay the printing
bill. He walked with us on picket
lines between trips, and sent a won­
derful story of a seamen's club in a
Russian port for the sthirth issue of
the CW. (He died during the second
World War when his ship was tor­
pedoed off the Central American
coast.) The Soviet port he visited was
on the Eastern shore of the Black
Sea, Rostovskiy. It is southeast of
Rostov-on-Don, where my nephew­in­law was just around the corner from
me.

Karl Meyer
The other young man who visited
Zagorsk was Karl Meyer, who at pres­
ten is serving his sentence of a two
year term (and thousand dollar fine)
at San Quentin Federal Prison for
obstructing the Income tax system by
refusal to pay taxes for war. He had
planned to go to Zagorsk and walked
some years before, joining the march at
Chicago. The walk ended at Moscow
University, where the students,
though not agreeing with the Amer­
ican visitors, demanded that the time
of their talks be extended. He also
distributed leaflets in Red Square! It
was a memorable visit and I think the

Six a.m. at 36 E. First Street is a time
of peace and rest. Of course, John Mc­
Mullen has been making the day's soup
since five-thirty, but his patient
preparation of morning and noon meals
does not disturb the slumber that
breathes through the house. Too soon,
the house will awaken from her sleep
to the tune of alarm clocks or Arthur
Lahey and the calm and order of the
early morning will be nothing more
than a precious memory of time past
and a desperate hope for time to come.
In the meantime, the waking, mov­
ing, living, growing activities so vital
to a house that is actually a home to
more than fifty people will be unfold­
ing, and if the day holds true to the
form of the days of the past month, it will be frenetic and chaotic, punctuated with a few
brief moments of tenderness and laugh­
ter. Everyone has been pressed with
the duties of mailing the appeal, composing the letter, preparing the message,
writing the advertising copy, attending
the church, the laundromat, the clothing room, and introducing new­
comers to the inchoate pattern of life
through the house. The very details of
daily responsibilities of working on the
shop floor, the study, the library, and the
house at night. This pressure, mixed
with the change of the season to cold,
indoor life, and the days provided an
excellent scenario for the violence that
has taken place here in the last few
weeks. Battles, both physical and verbal,
at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality are
waged between men and men, women
and women, young and old, black and
white. The non-vio­
lent goals of peace, brotherhood, indi­
vidual responsibility, and simple living
seem despairingly distant at times.
However, if the last month has proven
anything to us, it is that we are alive
and healthy and very much a part of the
world in 1971. p.v. conflict, and
collision are necessary consequences
when vibrant, moving organisms are
within independence of one another.
Many of our brighter moments have
been the arrivals of new volunteers.
Watching their trusting, innocent faces
react to the array of situations and per­
habilities here is so reminiscent of each
of our initiations into the Catholic
Worker family. Lately, we've had a lot
of face-watching to do with the coming
of Cumings, Annamarie, Chuck of Cal­
ifornia, and Tony Equale of Brooklyn.
By Tony's account, we got "a lot" from
Julia's wiles, Paul Brun's silent treat­
ment, and Scotty's cigarette crav­ing.
It is now 7:45 a.m. The house is awake
and bustling. Marcel has begun his end­
less round of work for the day's maling, and arguments have be­
gun in the kitchen. In just a few mo­
ments, people will be getting busy
at work in the morning's mail.

6). The hotel that our tour crowd stayed
in Hollywood area was announced as
being closed. Staying in a hotel is not
familiar to many of us. It is nice, and
the rest of us will begin the ritual
of the soup line which is the sacrament
that we have never known. The Cathol­
ics Workers who have gone before us
and all who will follow.
Peacemaker Writes

(The following are excerpts of letters written by Father M. M. in August and September, 1971—Ed. note)

Dear Dorothy and dear friends,

Although I very much appreciate letters, as all prisoners do, I had decided that I would not answer you too frequently, in order not to make you feel an obligation to reply, because I know that what is best is begging you to write, to speak, to visit. Instead, I like to write regularly to those who write to me, and too little attention: to Lemont, who is laid up in a T. B. sanatorium, under conditions of isolation and restriction much worse than mine, and to Freda, who lives in an old people’s home dominated by fear of isolation and abandonment.

I was strongly impressed by Hans Kung’s article, as reprinted in the June Catholic Worker, “Why I Am Staying to Bedivere, first made, and latest left, of the Idylls of the King to T. H. White’s Once and Future King, from which the story of the First Free street school in New York. He refers to Mary Frances Greene’s and Orletta Rumsey’s book, The Schoolchildren, several times as an eloquent description of the alternative reality of the New York public schools, and he quotes a whole page from Orietta’s diary of her classroom. This is part of the beginnings of my education, and the community of all of us...

This has been the quintessence of Christianity for me, from the beginning, as expressed by Paul in the Letter to Philemon. It is God, as He is revealed in Jesus, as Godhead a prae-tenent, but disposed himself and took the form of a servant, to bring about the cause of Jesus Christ in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, to come among us in the community of persons, to shed the skin without losing the whole of the universe, without our anxiety.

I am very delighted in going through all the letters, as all prisoners do, I had no opportunity. M. M. according to God, that I offend him if I do not see him in the position of Godhead, but as one among many who serve life. It is not he, but his followers, who have conceived the doctrine of his Godhead, while he was saying, “It is not those who say to me, Lord, Lord, but those who do the will of my Father who will enter the kingdom of heaven.”

I do not see him now as Lord, I see him as brother, along with Gandhi, Schweitzer, Dorothy, Freda, and you as sister and mother. I cannot believe that this separation is anything but a perversion that separates me from you.

I am working toward an ecstatic personal synthesis of ideas and values that have come to me through the collective leadership of the puritans of life.

I still understand how there are, within the broad community of life, sub-communities of tendencies grouped around the particular ideas of outstanding individuals. I grew up as a Gandhian; later, in my search for being, I found an identity within the Christian fold. In the immediate term of our time, I am more of a Henney-Daythan I am a Muste. Thus I fully appreciate being within the Community of Jesus and the Christian saints, even while there are forces which separate me from that special identification...

I, who raised myself upon the romantic Legend of King Arthur, now, toward Pyle’s Knights of the Round Table to Tennessee Williams’s Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, from Christie, to天鹅绒, to English, the final stanza of Tennyson’s Passing of Arthur, in which the bold Sir Bedivere, the last of the knights, bears the dying Arthur back to the marge of the Lake. There was no one left to whom the magical sword Excalibour might be passed on, so, Arthur’s instructions, he heaved the sword out in a wide arc over the Lake, and an arm clothed in damask rose to receive it. “The old order change, the more order change, we change ourselves, and in the process it is better than sheeps or goats, that nourish a blind life in the soul, if knowing God, they lift not hands in prayer to judges at Rouen when she asked them, ‘Is not this man a worker who did not report to begin parole application, he humorously suggested to me that she recanted under the threat of the stake, and denied the counsel of those voices of the world to whom she present also to her; and even then, the wailing died away, and the new scene of Camelot’s household, bearing the dying Arthur out in a wide arc over the Lake, and the sun rose, bringing the new year.”

With love,
Karl M.

On Work

R.D. #1
New Haven, Conn.
August 26, 1971

Dear Dorothy,

Our sojourn to Maine is like a pleasant dream now. We’ve been back at it all the way. We have, I think, that—Marcia and the children returned about 2½ weeks ago, after a visit to Florida. I decided, at nearly the last moment, to come back to Pennsylvania and to bicycle! And so I did with God’s help.

It was a wonderful trip, leisurely yet undisturbed, along the wonderful smallwoodworking shops, working here two days, there three. I helped make the building plans both in the shire and Vermont and had pleasant experiences of working with members of the guild. I must report a visit to their association at their Craft Fair in New York, and an old set of clothes tools in their collection, being as the building turned inside out.

In the course of nearly three weeks slow travel, one has the chance to observe a lot. One of the things that impressed me most was the obvious decline of the craft of building after, say 1913. Before that time, barns, libraries, schools, houses and homes were built a m.p.i.—both material and workmanship were not worked upon.

There are, of course, exceptions. Some of the building done in the great depression was of the highest design. But then, after the war, the depression was of the highest in design, and there was a strong move to deal with the problems of war and economic recovery. This, unfortunately, led to the new and expensive business, military adventures.

And while these extra dollars were being siphoned off for government spending, the tempo of work was speeded up, so as to satisfy urgency of war-time living, and somehow we have never quite gotten back to that natural tempo of work or economy since 1913, in 1913 and the last normal year in modern America.

Enroute southward I had the pleasure of staying with Richard Fabeys (also Chenango County, N. Y.) and was inspired by his simple living and love of nature, by his spiritual awareness. I asked him in the beginning of our discussion about the subject of “work.”

After seeing a volume on his shelf entitled A Theology of Work, I learned that he had been regarding his manual work essential to the wholeness of his life, and very essential to man’s spiritual life.

A certain period of manual work each day is a privilege when viewed in this way. Moreover, a change of attitude towards work transforms most work from a nuisance to a thing of beauty, of simple honesty.

And when God and eternity are included in the view, work can be well done, whether it be stacking firewood, preparing meals or clothes.

All, everything hinges on the point of view of the worker—a delightful afterthought. It was the point of view of the hayfield or an annoying chore.

“Happiness does not consist of doing what we like but rather of liking what we have to do.” The heart filled with love and praise of God will touch and rearrange his work, different from persons in whom this sense is lacking.

The loving eye and patient hand shall work with joy and bless the land.” (Sierra Club)

With this admiration for God, and faith that He is quite competent to take over our daily activities if we follow His voice, we can take more time to do good and complete work. And by doing so, we shall contribute to the fulfillment of the most of the jobs that come our way. We can do the trifles that Michelangelo said make perfection.

With love.
Daniel O’Hagan

NOTICE

SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL FOR GOD

—MOTHER TERESA OF CALCUTTA, by John D’Emilio

This lovingly prepared and artistically executed output is a true gem, a portrait of one of the most remarkable women of our times. Mother Teresa, the Missionaries of Charity, is the story of how the work of giving material and spiritual help to the lonely and unwanted, from its origins in Calcutta to many of the world’s cities. Always they are mindful of the fact that it is Christ they see in their fellow human beings, and if it is true that the task for which he was chosen on earth is the work of human beings, then the work of Mother Teresa is a measure of how well we care for human life, in whatever condition it may be found. It also distinguishes her work from that of governmental or institutional social welfare agencies. Mother Teresa: “...they (the social workers) do not give me a bad name...”

I believe the difference between them and us is that they were doing it for something and we were doing it to somebody.

The photographs are an integral part of this book, both joyous and sorrowful, always eloquently communicative.
Solzhenityn's novel lived and acted more than half a century ago and most of them are dead, as the postscript of the story tells us. He had to revive them, to re-awaken them. It was not born when the Russian army was defeated at Tannenberg, he had to bring it to life, to make it move on the battlefield. He consulted many sources, both written and oral, very often unavailable in Soviet Russia, but he was able to do so. These sources are contained in history books, in encyclopedias and periodicals, odd pieces, and only from those far away times.

The reader learns from them, they are like dried flowers and dead butterflies in a naturalist’s collection, empty and dried up, but not unlike the An- son, of course, the story had to be re- told by a great writer and humanist. This is how he decided to use this tool, used in this novel aim at this “reviving” process. Intervened with the narrative military command in the Tannenberg disaster, which was mainly due to blunder and incompetence; and last, but not least, to the soldiers, mostly of peasant stock. One of the main characters, Georgiy Shishov, who was also a participant in military tactics, has been sent from the Commander-in-chief’s headquar ters to report on the great battle. He is a clear-sighted, critical witness of the happenings, but is soon involved in the general picture.

MAJOR CHARACTERS

Among the younger heroes of the novel, there is the heroic boy Sanya, a student of “participatory journalism,” who was a Tolstoyan. But when the war breaks out, he enlists spontaneous ly, carried by the emotions which swept Russia. And there is Sasha, a convinced revolutionary who also joins the army, in the hope of saving the soldiers, mostly of peasant stock. The society being sought is in fact, as one who wants to shape and avoid the experts on Vietnam. In “A Letter to the Men of Cambodia and the killings of students in the National Liberation Front of Cambodia”, he says, “I found frequent doses of what the author would call “home truths,” hard sayings about reality as he sees it, laid out honestly for friend and foe alike, regardless of the consequences. You’ll discover the perceptual and intuitive grasp of a situation possible only to someone who has thoroughly observed the world without trying to make a virtue out of being dirty. You’ll find the personal and the public in the midst of the last fifteen years in The Village Voice, WIN, Peace News, and Liberation. Their strength lies in the fact that, as often as not, they were written out of actual necessity, for a particular purpose at the time of the events they describe. They were written, many of them, to inform and persuade and do all of the other things that political tracts, in the finest sense of that term, are supposed to do.

Detachment? You’ll find little of that in these pieces, most of them wrought in the midst of the chaos called the Sixties. An armchair has never been Dave McReynolds’ accustomed battle station. You’ll find frequent doses of what the author would call “home truths,” hard sayings about reality as he sees it, laid out honestly for friend and foe alike, regardless of the consequences. You’ll discover the perceptual and intuitive grasp of a situation possible only to someone who has thoroughly observed the world without trying to make a virtue out of being dirty. You’ll find the personal and the public in the midst of the last fifteen years in The Village Voice, WIN, Peace News, and Liberation. Their strength lies in the fact that, as often as not, they were written out of actual necessity, for a particular purpose at the time of the events they describe. They were written, many of them, to inform and persuade and do all of the other things that political tracts, in the finest sense of that term, are supposed to do.

Cambodia and the killings of students in the National Liberation Front of Cambodia, for, as he titles Section IV of this work, “Everything Revolves Around Vietnam.”

The years of bloody slaughter abroad have torn almost to shreds the fabric of a society once thought seamless. To have been a radical and a pacifist in these worst of times was to have been put to the utmost test of what you’re about. McReynolds has clung fast throughout to that which forms one of the core lessons of Gandhi’s legacy: The ends must inevitably come out of the means. It is to the means, the only variant in the world. The society that is in fact shaped by, and during, the very process of becoming.

Pacifism is not based, as some would have it, on an obliviousness to reality. Seven years before the public profession of shock and outrage caused by the revelations of the Pentagon Papers, McReynolds was one of the few who expressed this insight: “Reviewing all the material on Viet nam, I’m struck by the fact that the emperor was absolutely naked but the public, including, oddly, the experts on Vietnam and those most knowledgeable on the intelligentsia, has been quite unable to see him for what he is.”

Nor does a firm adherence to the rooted values of the nonviolent tradition mean a rejection of political realities. Rather, it seems to provide the basis for the changes in personal and structural ethic of so many. For dogma so essential to one who wants to work effectively with anyone outside of a like-minded circle. The League for Peace, split badly in the middle of the past decade over the goals to be sought and the means to end them, is a case in point. The United States’ involvement in Vietnam. In “A Letter to the Men of Cambodia and the killings of students in the National Liberation Front of Cambodia,” he says, “I found frequent doses of what the author would call “home truths,” hard sayings about reality as he sees it, laid out honestly for friend and foe alike, regardless of the consequences. You’ll discover the perceptual and intuitive grasp of a situation possible only to someone who has thoroughly observed the world without trying to make a virtue out of being dirty. You’ll find the personal and the public in the midst of the last fifteen years in The Village Voice, WIN, Peace News, and Liberation. Their strength lies in the fact that, as often as not, they were written out of actual necessity, for a particular purpose at the time of the events they describe. They were written, many of them, to inform and persuade and do all of the other things that political tracts, in the finest sense of that term, are supposed to do.

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On Pilgrimage

Woodcutters Strike

(Continued from page 3)

headquarters, or St. Matthew's, Ammon Hennacy, would have to answer for it.

In Red Square itself no traffic is allowed, only humans. My aforesaid­
doned folding chair was taken around the Kremlin wall. As a for­

It was not every day that the crowds extended blocks, and twisted in an upheaval"—such a walk was a biting willpower. There were two, deep, long lines that they snake around the sides of the block, and twisted all around the block of buildings. Chiang Ka Shek had taken over the Communist dominated city, and was ready to serve the masses. Stalin's grave was behind the Lenin Mausoleum, the last of a line of tombs, and the one with the sculptured heads graced the graves. Stalin's grave showed no bust marking the way.

Lenin's tomb

The resolution of Chekhov's plays and his philosophy of work many years ago in an article in the modern world. His will was read into the record of the meeting, and the resolution was passed. The weight of the world is the earth that supports us, and the practical effect of the resolution will be to rob workers of decent pay, and it will be enforced by workers minding the work that they do. The weight of the world is the earth that supports us, and the practical effect of the resolution will be to rob workers of decent pay, and it will be enforced by workers minding the work that they do.

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Solzhenitzy

(Continued from page 5)
everyone else around him. His motto is simple: "I know what God wants, but I know what I want."

We find more attractive traits in two women: the liberal-minded and lightened director of a private school, strong-willed but humane; a professor who says that the true roots of civilization are to be sought in medieval Christian culture. Such women are the ideal of the "common task" taught by the Russian religious thinker Nikolai Kremlin.

In his portrayal of the military com-
manders, Solzhenitzy draws elaborate pictures of the generals who were responsible for the Tannenberg disaster, and of the victims of others. His description of General Durnov, who failed due to head-
quarter's grave mistakes and who shot himself, is very poignant. His death is told in one of the great chapters of the book.

For the rest, the flash-backs of

Soviet history are brutal. Solzhenitzy quite ruth-

lessly brings out the inadequacy of our understanding of the existing situations, of our policy, of our military armaments and organization.

He shows that in Soviet Russia the circus may begin before the war starts, with theuffed up egotistic natures of those in command. In this context, it is not surprising how useless it was, how the holo-

caust could have and should have been avoided. One of the soldiers has taken shelter together with colonel Vor-

otyntzev in a trench, where they are stuffed with both sitting out a terrible bombard-

ment. In a trench, where they are stuffed with sand and thousands of young soldiers

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The truth is he approaches this work in the cemetery with the same rever-

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ence.

There are many religious moments in August 14, none of them, perhaps, as moving as this burial on the path of war and inhumanity, but all of them reflect the hero's own failure to reach his goal. Thus for instance, describing a man in prayer, he compares it to a "three" to be in communion with God, an urgent need, that nothing else can satisfy.

It is morning in late October. Again the fog bell tolls, evoking gray Novem-

ber. The fog bell tolls, evoking gray Novem-

ber. The fog bell tolls, evoking gray Novem-

ber. The fog bell tolls...
The Crisis In The Church

The crisis within the Catholic Church is worldwide. Until recently, its appearance here was somewhat slow in forthcoming. However, it is now developing, and not something negative (although there are those who view it in that light); there is a great deal of disquietude about whether the Church is in crisis precisely because it is very much alive and because it has been through various centuries, which is one that will provoke conflicts and controversies both now and in the future.

The Church is passing through a crisis which will make it more vigorous, more controversial, and more liberal. The people who are afraid of this kind of crisis within the Church are the very people who are afraid of change. People who have been brought up by the Church, moreover, since it is a leaven, should encourage the change of ideas in the Church. It is not for the people who have been brought up by the Church, but for the people who have been brought up by the world and the world of ideas.

The best thing we could hope for from this crisis would be the clarification and clarification of the Church. To one tendency belongs those whose Christianity exaggerates the religious aspect of the problem, looking toward church services. This is a Sunday kind of Christianity, in which one might say the Second Commandment engages in a series of prayers and prayers and prayers.

To the other tendency belong those who, while they do not despise the foregoing and even put a certain value on a place, greater stress is lived on a lived Christianity and on communism in love. People of the second tendency will be involved in every sphere of human endeavor: in the political sphere, in the area of social concern, in the economic field, etc.

Because they are truly dedicated to our Lord Jesus Christ, they need to be looked after. All those who are the majority of the people, they will have to take controversial positions. They will have to be vocal, to be heard. They will have to suffer persecution for justice's sake.

In other words, people who are seeking to spread the kingdom of God in this world, are being asked to be “sanctus” and to be “sanctus”.

The Crisis Authority of The Church

Diaz argues that we are “instruments” of communist indoctrination. Perhaps he has not had in mind the recent position of the Pope on the latest pronouncements of the Pope. The Church is also called an “instrument” of communism, especially on the “Conclusions” of the Council of Latin American Bishops at Medellin. In 1968, if he would do this, he would be persuaded that what we have been preaching as social doctrine and what we have been saying in the Church, faithfully bears the signatures of various popes and of many bishops of this century.

Perhaps it would profit the Resident Commissioner if he would study, in addition to the Medellin documents, such encyclical as “Mater et Magistra” and “Pacem in Terris” of John XXIII and “Populorum Progressio” of John Paul II. "Octagésima Adveniens” of Paul VI. Also: the "Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World" and, if he has it at hand, the “Schema on Justice and Peace" which the bishops of the United States are discussing. With the forthcoming Roman Synod.

Weary of imagining as you study these documents, what the emerging authority of the Church has fallen into the error of communism. It has become, as one editor has said, “a world religion.” It has become a world religion because it has become a life of work far beyond all ideologies and is more radical than any ideologies, because it is grounded in love.